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Prohibition--Preventive for Suffering

By Walter R. Brinckerhoff, M.D.

Editor Advertiser:—One of your correspondents has quoted me as expressing views on prohibition in opposition to those of Bishop Restarick. Although as an individual I have an unquestioned right to disagree with the Bishop of the church of which I am a member, upon a point not connected with doctrine, it is a source of deep regret to me that my views upon the liquor question should be thought to be fundamentally in conflict with those of Bishop Restarick, particularly as I have many reasons for the personal regard, admiration and affection which I feel for him both as my spiritual leader and, I hope, my friend. I am sure that no one who knows the Bishop will doubt that he deprecates the harm done by the use and abuse of alcoholic beverage and I know that he will welcome the day when alcohol finds such limited and temperate use that its harmful effects will have become a dark page in the social history of the past.

It is my purpose in writing this communication to show how, while joining with the Bishop in deploring the evil of liquor, I have arrived at a different conclusion from him as to how it is to be controlled and to demonstrate, if I may, that the position which I take is logical and consistent for one who regards, as I do, the prevention of human suffering as a paramount duty.

Not in Controversy.

I trust that no one will interpret this attempt as controversial, for, to do so will be to miss the whole spirit of the thing which is rather self-explanatory in the hope that I can bring others to see the question from my viewpoint.

I am further impelled to present this argument because I hope that it will appeal to the Hawaiian people, who are fundamentally logical, and on whom will rest the responsibility of deciding, on the 26th of July, whether or no they, as a race, will take a leading place among those who put the prevention of suffering above all personal and material considerations.

Ugly Facts in the World.

As a student of disease, I have come to realize that there are some ugly facts in the world. Such facts do not obtrude themselves in all lives at all times and are consequently often overlooked in the discussion of problems in which they properly figure.

For example, if discussions as to the efficacy of vaccination for the prevention of smallpox could always take place in the ward of a smallpox hospital with unvaccinated children dying before the eyes of the disputants while vaccinated children played about in the same ward in perfect health for weeks at a time, unanimity of opinion would soon prevail. Similarly, if discussions on the liquor problem could begin in a saloon while a drunken brawl and stabbing affray was in progress; continue in the back room of a Chinese restaurant or a dance hall while girls were being plied with liquor as the readiest means to their seduction; adjourn to the delirium tremens ward of a general hospital, go from there to an alcoholic psychosis ward in an insane asylum; and be concluded in the corridor of a "murderers' row" in a prison; I think there would be few antiprohibitionists and fewer antitotal abstinents among the disputants.

There are ugly facts in the world and one of the ugliest of them is that much of the suffering in the world is preventable, but not prevented.

It can be taken as proved that the use and abuse of alcoholic beverages is the direct and the indirect cause of much suffering.

Drinking is admittedly a voluntary act and therefore the suffering due to alcoholic beverages is in the class of preventable suffering.

Every individual is bound to do what he can, to prevent suffering, just as he is bound to avoid voluntary acts which cause needless suffering. I see, therefore, no escape for the individual from his responsibility to do all that he can to prevent the use of alcoholic beverages which are a well-known cause of suffering.

Two Courses of Action.

Two courses of action are clearly open to everyone by which he can discharge his responsibility in this regard. These are not alternatives but must both be pursued, for, failure to act in one of them makes the individual a party through inaction to an increase of the growing total of suffering due to the abuse of alcohol.

First, he can refuse to perform the voluntary act of using alcohol as a beverage and by his example can influence those with whom he comes in contact. This course is open to every individual and if adopted universally would solve the whole problem at once. It is a recognition of the fact that the logic of the situation forces him to be a total abstainer.

Secondly, he can exercise his power as a member of the community to promulgate laws which will prevent suffering by refusing to sanction the use, the sale and the manufacture of a poisonous habit-producing drug which is the cause of much suffering.

It is obvious that such laws if enforced would absolutely prevent much suffering.

License a Subterfuge.

I can see no valid reason for trying to evade this issue by advocating a license system, for inasmuch as such a system means that the community sanctions the use, the manufacture and the sale of a cause of much suffering, an acquiescence in such a system by the individual, means consenting to the production of suffering under sanction of law. The logic of the situation then forces one to be not only a total abstainer but also an advocate of prohibition, provided, of course, that we still admit the premise of individual responsibility on which this argument is based.

The above discussion is in abstract terms and invites the cry of "visionary." This does not disturb me, for the things that are called "visions" in the discussion of social problems perform the same function there that the hypotheses do in scientific work, without which no progress can be made in either science or social betterment.

I wish to add certain rather practical points which even a proved visionary, who believes in total abstinence and in prohibition on logical grounds, may advance as pleas to be considered a commonsense and hard-headed practical person.

Personal Liberty Versus Public Good.

It is often claimed that the use of alcoholic beverages can be safely left to the will of the individual, as is the consumption of beefsteak. This would be true if it were not for the ugly fact that alcohol is a poisonous habit-producing drug from the insidious effects of which the individual should be protected by the community for his own good and the safety of his family, associates and the public at large.

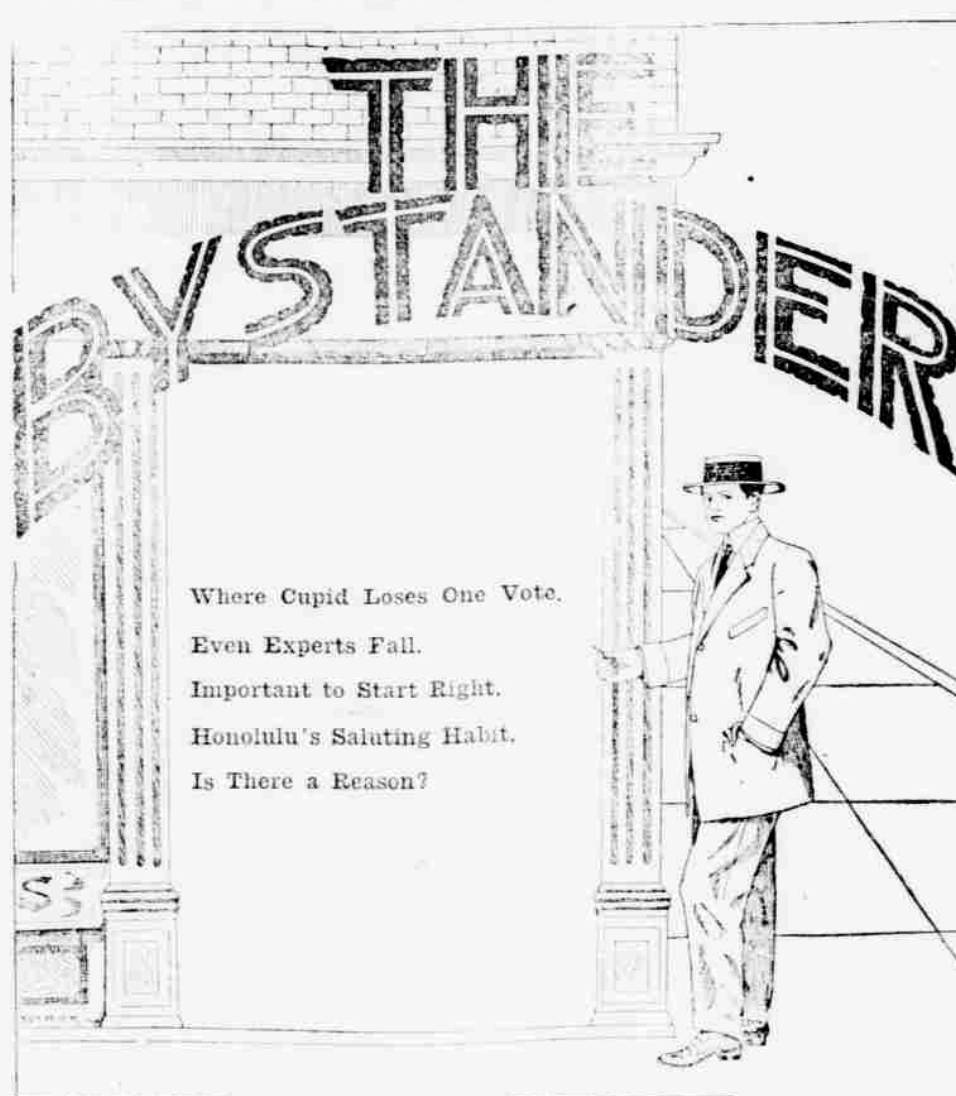
It is claimed that prohibition, even if a logically correct method of reducing the suffering due to the use of alcoholic beverages, is subversive of the doctrine of personal liberty. To those who advance this objection I would suggest that for practical purposes, in a self-governing community, personal liberty consists in those voluntary acts which the community does not consider it necessary to limit or forbid. If the community consider it expedient to forbid the voluntary act of drinking alcoholic beverages for the public good, I don't see what one is going to do about it, personal liberty or no personal liberty. This disposes of the personal liberty argument and emphasizes the responsibility of the individual to use his power as a lawmaker to prohibit the voluntary act of drinking alcoholic beverages so that suffering be decreased.

Matter for Individuals.

It is likewise claimed that prohibition does not prevent the use of alcoholic beverages. This, if true, is not an argument against the obligation of the individual to do all in his power as an individual and as a voter to prevent the use, the sale and the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, by example and by law, and so I might justly disregard it, except that I would like to point out, as a practical person, that the prevention of suffering through the effective prohibition of the voluntary act of drinking alcoholic beverages by processes of law is simply an executive problem, intricate and difficult if you will, but, like all executive problems, it will find its solution by trial and not by discussion. Every time a community endeavors to prevent suffering by preventing the voluntary act of drinking, the solution of how to do this good thing effectively, comes appreciably nearer.

I rest the case for total abstinence and for prohibition upon the ugly fact that the suffering in the world, due to the use of alcoholic beverages, is inherently preventable and that we must attempt to prevent this suffering or frankly shoulder a part of the responsibility for the suffering due to the promiscuous dispensing of a poisonous habit-producing drug as a beverage.

The argument which runs through this communication is the result of some years of careful thought and epitomizes the mental steps by which I have reached a position where I feel that to be logical and consistent I must be a total abstainer and an advocate of prohibition.



Where Cupid Loses One Vote.
Even Experts Fall.
Important to Start Right.
Honolulu's Saluting Habit.
Is There a Reason?

Through strict attention to business, Kubio has lost one vote on the Island of Kauai. In Lihue is a man who blames the delegate in congress for something that happened, although Cupid may be regarded by the majority as quite blameless in the matter. This man recently received under Kubio's frank a small package of radish seed, sent out by the department of agriculture. He stuck the package in his pocket. The same day he purchased a package of liver pills and also stuck those in his pocket.

In some way he forgot the seeds but remembered the pills. He took the latter for some days, and not noticing the improvement in his general health that he desired, went back to his druggist with a kick. He lugged his pills—what were left of them—along to make his kick stronger.

Then he found out that he had been taking a regular course of radish seed treatment.

That is why he will vote for Link McCandless this fall.

There are drawbacks to being an expert. I have noticed during the last thirty years or so of my life that it is the expert polo players who get the hardest falls from horses; that it is the good swimmers who take cramps and give the cornerers a chance to live; that it is the one who drinks so much that he knows the foolishness of prohibition who goes off and picks pink snakes out of the atmosphere and dies under the impression that sky blue toads are two-stepping upside down on the ceiling. During the week an occurrence at Lahaina adds to my stock of proof.

Everybody knows Judge Kingsbury and everybody knows with what a degree of solemnity he demands quietness during the brief periods he sets aside for the delivery of his own addresses. Everybody then will appreciate with what consternation one morning last week the court officials of the Lahaina circuit heard a rifle shot just as his honor was telling the Lahaina jury for the eighth time for emphasis sake what rights the members had against bullying lawyers. When that rifle shot rang out on the still Lahaina air, and when the voice of the judge trailed off into nothingness to add to the silence, everyone in the courtroom woke up, realizing that something dreadful had happened. Before Judge Kingsbury could pick up the end of his interrupted sentence, another rifle shot woke the echoes.

Clearly this was contempt of court. Without waiting for instructions other than those plain to be read on the usually placid brow of the court, two bailiffs rushed into the open air and seized the desecrator of justice, hurrying him before the tribunal, grim and terrific. And, lo, it was Clarence H. Olson who had offended, a man who knows so much law that he can write simultaneous briefs, one with each hand, and quote rules of the British chancery court while he does it. Which proves the theory I stated to begin with that experts are the ones who do the falling.

The sequel to the story is that Olson apologized to the court for shooting mynah birds so closely to the charge to the jury and then went to buy a hunter's license before the Maui county attorney could reach a magistrate to secure a warrant.

Speaking further of experts and having Judge Kingsbury in mind, gives me a chance to clinch the argument I have made. Now, Judge Kingsbury is certainly an expert, a sort of a general all around expert, with his expertness extending into the highways and the byways of erudition. Yet, it is within my knowledge that he once came a cropper.

The Judge, who was not on the Maui bench but who was nevertheless already a judge, was one of the guests of a skipper at dinner aboard a ship in the harbor. There were several lady guests and it naturally fell to Judge Kingsbury's part to entertain them with scraps of knowledge on various subjects.

In order to show that his acquaintance with the world in general was not confined to things of the dry land and wishing to give a little touch of local color to the monologue, the Judge struck an attitude and remarked in a loud aside to the skipper-host: "I suppose you think, Captain, that I do not know much about ships? Well, let me tell you, that I know considerable. Those masts for instance—I know their names. That," pointing to where a stick held up innumerable fathoms of ropes and lines, "is the foremast. That, is the mainmast, and that, is the mizzenmast."

With a look of triumph at the ladies, the Judge turned to receive the surprised congratulations of the skipper, who said:

"Well, Judge, you got the names in the right order, but you started in at the wrong end of the ship."

There is only one Paradise of the Pacific and Honolulu is its capital. Consequently, it is not inappropriate that there should be customs in Honolulu that prevail nowhere else, either in the heavens above or the earth beneath or between these boundary limits, and of all the customs that are peculiarly our own there is none that strikes the naval visitor as more Honolulu than anything else than the custom the local members of the consular corps have of flocking in gold braid and official harness or frock coat and top hats or business suit and cigar down to every naval vessel that arrives "to pay their respects to the commander and the flag he represents." Even when an American warship makes this home port she is kept busy blowing away powder in salutes that would be fired in no other port of the world by warships of any flag.

Of course, there are salutes that the regulations call for, such as those to the Admiral, to the Governor and a few others. These are duly whanged away whenever the occasion arises, but no sooner are the guns cold than the representative of Paraguay calls the captain away from his bath; the consul of Panama sends down a card; the secretary of the Patagonian consulate and the representative of the court of Montenegro arrive in the same hank and the other members of the consular corps keep the flag going up and down and the gun crew busy pelting shells to the saluting battery.

I notice that the commander of the Chattanooga has not burned much government powder. Is this because the consuls have neglected to pay their accustomed respects or is it because he has not been apprised of the Honolulu port rules that that hour when there is no salute is counted as one hour lost?

What kind of a sentiment is it that allows a crime that in most communities would call for a lynching to be practically overlooked while the prosecuting officers squabble over the legal technicalities that may be brought into play to allow the brute who committed the crime to escape even a legal trial? The Rystander can not understand this sort of thing. I can not get clear in my mind why it should be any part of the official duty of any public prosecutor to plead the cause of such a criminal, to prevent others who would prosecute from doing so or to "declare war" upon other officials who can not see their way clear to allowing brutes in human guise to escape with minimum sentences.

What kind of a sentiment is it that allows the board of supervisors or any committee of that board to continue playing penny politics with a matter so important as the new building ordinance? Are the petty ambitions of third-rate politicians contentedly to block progress in a community like this? Is the government of the city to stay always in the hands of men who can not face any business proposition without considering what the effort will be on the Kakaiake vote or the feeling at the fishmarket?

What compels this city to wallow in Fort street mud, to lurch over King street on bumps that cost good money, to see important civic departments crippled to provide squalor in others?

Is this the darkness that precedes the dawn?

Now, watch out for the introduction of the axe on police salaries.

SMALL TALKS.

CITY ATTORNEY CATHCART—I didn't mind McDuffie going to the attorney general, but I don't want that grand jury to be hearing so much.

LORRIN ANDREWS—The time is about right for the inauguration of a Territorial Jockey Club, holding races at Honolulu, on Maui and at Hilo. There

SIDELIGHTS

THE UNITED STATES.

Exceedingly interesting is it to get at the views of the oriental on the make-up of the mainland. Sometimes his views are shared by Hawaiians, white people and Charlie Hustace.

It is called "America," and is located in the direction of the rising sun, somewhere beyond Diamond Head. This much is known positively. So has it been discovered that canned meats and tourists are produced there. Beyond this the knowledge is somewhat limited. San Francisco is the chief city and capital of the United States. This you may have attested at any time by any Chinaman or Jap who will talk with you. Salt Lake City, and Denver, and Omaha, and Chicago, and Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia are suburbs, strongly resembling Waiakua and Hilo. New York has been heard of, but only incidentally.

How far is it from San Francisco to Washington? Ask your laundryman, and you will at once learn that Thrum's Annual, the World Almanac, and atlases and maps have no conception whatsoever of the subjects upon which they eloquently, learnedly and lengthily discourse. How large is Lake Michigan? Ask your cook, and then throw your books away, for their reliability is at once and forever destroyed. What is a prairie? What is sagebrush? Disabuse your mind of the preconceived idea that such things exist, through a consultation with your yard boy. Where is the abiding place of Kaho and his understudy, McClellan, to wit, Washington? Ask your oriental merchant, and you will discover that it is not on the map.

And, by dint of the suggested inquiries, many other curious things will you learn. Some of the railroad lines and systems are almost as long and as well equipped as that of Benjamin Franklin Dillingham. Outside of the canned meats, bananas are the principal article of food. Milwaukee, St. Louis and Seattle are three fairly thrifty villages along the Pacific Coast, not more than twenty miles from San Francisco, each of which possesses a brewery almost as large as the Kakaiake institution. Senator Aldrich bids fair, when he gets older, to rival John Lane in political influence. "Cannon?" "Oh, yes, he's all same Charlie Achi!" All of these things, and many others, will you learn if you are inquisitive. For the oriental knows, and at times is willing to tell.

ONCE MORE OPIUM.

The customs authorities in San Francisco have not much aloha for Stackable and his staff. "In Honolulu, where smuggling is comparatively easy," "The federal anteroom of the Islands and his minions were arbitrary, as usual." "Much resentment was expressed by passengers on board the Mongolia, arriving here today, concerning the treatment given them by one Stackable at Honolulu." These, and like phrases, inspired by Stratton's people, frequently appear in the San Francisco papers.

But comparative efficiency is not to be determined by wealth of language employed in invective. Cold facts are important and conclusive factors in the solution of the question. And just now we are on top, with facts as a test. Admittedly, according to economists, the price of a commodity is to a large extent governed by the manner in which the laws concerning smuggling in a high tariff or prohibitive community are enforced. In Iowa, under some administrations, say these same students, druggsters charge two bits for a glass of soda water; while under others the prescribed, world-wide rate of fifteen cents, or two for a quarter, is maintained. In Maine the same fluctuations prevail.

All of which leads me up to that which should have been stated previously. The market price of opium in San Francisco is \$60.75 per half-pound. The market price of opium in Honolulu yesterday was \$75.50 per half-pound. You need neither be a mathematician nor a logician to figure out the comparative diligence with which the Golden Gate and Paradise protectors perform their duties in enforcing the law relative to the poppy product.

And as I am in somewhat of a rambling mood, let me ask you if you have ever seen an opium den in operation. If not, Sidelights, with her vast and comprehensive knowledge of the affairs of life, can put you wise, provided you yearn for wisdom. You need not resort to slumming, nor wear any other than your best street dress, nor corrupt officials, nor take a bodyguard along. When the next through steamer gets here, if you have a friend on board, visit her. If you have none, fake one. Wander about the vessel in search of knowledge. Go aft, on the main deck, on the port side. Perhaps, should you be not a mariner, the chart needs elucidation. Get hold of the location of the dining-room, we all know dining-rooms. That is the main deck of the boat. Go from there towards the rotund end, called the stern, not the sharp beginning point. That is going aft. In your travels aft keep on the right-hand side, for, headed in that direction, it is the left, or port side. And if you keep your eyes open, and are inquisitive and observant, an opium joint in full operation you will see. The dope is there, and the pipes are there, and the lamps are there, and the smell is markedly there, and the smokers are there.

Perhaps not very pleasant. Perhaps—I should say certainly—not elevating. Perhaps, from the odor and the looks of the den, and the actions of the occupants, somewhat nauseating. Instructive and interesting it is, nevertheless.

Add to your fund of knowledge, and see for yourself. So sayeth Sidelights.

OFFICIAL JEALOUSIES.

Men seoff at us, and sneeringly make reference to what they call jealousy existing amongst us on social matters. And then they laugh, and say that the trait derided is feminine, and that naught else might be expected. To some extent their criticism is deserved. My neighbor on Nuuanu avenue cut me out last week on a swell function, and I righteously, indignantly, and vigorously resented the intentional oversight. My resentment was so justifiable that I believed the world should not be deprived of the benefit of my views relative thereto, and should be enlightened as to what is proper, and what is bad form. I did not hide my light under a bushel measure, but spoke out in meeting whenever opportunity afforded. The social world is bound to benefit by my observations.

But the men live in glass houses, and should keep mum. True, indeed, is it that they seldom have any troubles about social matters, but their lack of knowledge on the subject would account for that. But when it comes down to official dignity, and official prerogatives, and official rights of any and every description and nature, the male sex certainly discounts any of our social quarrels. And they are mean about it, too, while we claim to be and are absolutely and angrily good-natured.

The Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, permanent or temporary, is unquestionably the real leader of official society in Hawaii. His lot and privilege hath it been to welcome princes, and appear before congressional committees, and have his expenses paid to shake the president's hand—in this instance, owing to comparison, president to be spelled with a small "p". But let him step on the toes of, or ignore some federal official, or do something which a federal man believes belongs to his department, and the cyclone which is generated makes our little social squalls resemble a gentle summer zephyr.

Mayor Fern, always truthful, is mighty and prevails. An entertainment found is his. The veto power is his. A real, live private secretary is his. Unrestrained power is his. But let him only suggest something about soldiers or marines, or wharves, or Pearl Harbor, or the immigration station, and his dignity is very promptly and rudely ruffled by remarks in no uncertain terms by majors and colonels and collectors and inspectors to the effect that these matters are none of the business of His Honor.

Bill Jarrett and Hi Henry are all right. Also is Chief McDuffie. The trio successfully handle many a knotty and naughty problem. Sometimes they don't keep prisoners who have been apprehended, but that is a mere passing incident. Mighty they are. But even authority and size and gold lace have limitations. A prompt call down awaits each and every of them should anything savoring of usurpation of power be attempted. For have we not a United States marshal, with powers, and badges and printed blanks, by means of which infractions of federal laws may be expeditiously, even if not successfully, investigated?

Even amongst the lawyers does jealousy exist, although I am rather inclined to believe both the attorney-general of the Territory and the district attorney bluff in this respect. Lindsay has plenty to do, and it is res adjudicata that Breckons needs a vacation. I imagine that the latter don't kick much, save publicly, on the former flitting jurisdiction; and so do I imagine that the former, after putting up a good front, accedes most graciously to Uncle Sam taking charge. However, this last phase of the general situation cuts little figure, for ever since legal pests were discovered, bluffs have been part and parcel of their stock in trade. Even Portia, although a female, put up a good one.

And the territorial and the federal recipients of salaries have troubles in their own ranks. Mac and Bill want Grace—with a large "G"—and Hi thinks it is none of their business. Apollo Campbell is at times distinctly rude to Dan Logan's aggregation. Indeed, so far hath this worm of jealousy invidiously eaten that the acting governor, the secretary of the Territory, and the president of the board of health are declared to have quarreled amongst itself on some subjects.

Passes to go out to steamers come from the collector, but the launch on which they are honored is partially under the control of the immigration people. O. E. D. Pilikia. The marshal wants a man and the district attorney doesn't. The man is taken, and legal heart-burning's result. In a real, genuine, up-to-date war unquestionably the Army and Navy would join forces; but in times of peace, when preparations are being made for the conflict, a little thing like who is boss of a wharf results in the accumulation of a mass of correspondence which would make one of Judge Kingsbury's charges to a jury, or W. R. Castle's addresses to a graduating class look in length like the shortest verse in the Bible.

And so, sisters, let us still have an occasional scrap. Our lioge lords have set the pace, and we may safely follow. Each one of us has social rights, and if observance thereof is neglected, let us, even as do these male wearers of tinsel and authority, register in due form our objections.

are some good horses here now and a chance to put the game back where it used to be.

POP SPITZER—I might consider a nomination for the board of supervisors. FRANK THOMPSON—People don't realize what a vast enterprise the Hamakua ditch is until they travel through that country.

GEORGE SHERMAN—I notice that the federal government is increasing the size of the dredge in anticipation of the prohibition vote.

CHARLEY ACHI—I have got the Fifth pretty well in hand now. If they only done what says, we will have a governmental that Honolulu will be proud with.

THERESA WILCOX—I repeat: The Hawaiians are satisfied with their bartenders and waitresses should keep their hands off. What kind of a free country would this be if there were no gin at hand?

SUPERINTENDENT CAMPBELL—People bitterly complain to us when an accident causes the water in the mains to become muddy, but they forget to thank us when we give them clear water most of the time. Accidents will happen.